





Cover by Gaële Lagacherie: *Venus*

Oil on woven paper
50 x 60 cm, 2018

GANG OF WITCHES

2018
VENUS



DREAM
EXPLORE
QUESTION
UNITE
ACT

The concept of Gang Of Witches, a multifaceted artistic community, was formulated on a full moon of 2016 in Paris.

Our major objective is to establish a protected space for creation, exchange, and reflection, a bubble undisturbed by any productive constraints, rich in singular propositions, fertile, powerful, far from stereotypes. We develop autonomous networks and alternative diffusions, notably through a yearly revue, an exhibition and a music band, which has for a mission to present our work and our philosophy, as well as artists, but also thinkers and activists that are resonating with such, widening our circle everyday.

Independent and powerful, often feared, sometimes mocked, always with a halo of mystery, the witch is the master of her identity. Her image marks the place of women in society and the combats of each era. Since the 1960's she is a feminist, ecologist, anti-capitalist icon, and the perfect symbol for our gang.

Art is our medium of communication, and a vital necessity for us and the artists who join us. Painters, sculptors, writers, photographers, video artists, illustrators, tattoo artists, musicians, dancers, performers, we are in a constant quest of ourselves, of meaning, of harmony and of the absolute. All emotions, actions, events constitute the raw material of our creations. An ordeal becomes an initiation. An intention transforms into a magic formula. A repeated gesture evolves into ritual. A meeting changes into a celebration. Then begins the alchemic work ; mixing glittery powders and colors, tattooing a story under the skin, using ancestral symbols, producing music of sounds and symphonies of words or taming light and movement. These are our tools of sublimation and the revelation of the invisible, the inexpressible. We give ourselves over to an organic and spiritual creation through a mysterious process, between trance and relentless perfectionism, cultivating our paradoxes and welcoming in ourselves the opposing forces of existence.

Our gang of good witches is situated at the threshold of the material and spiritual sphere, of the visible and invisible, of the conscious and the unconscious mind, of humor and revolt, of resistance and resilience. We voyage from one to the other, creating points of convergence, opening portals, questioning the structure of our patriarchal societies.

Paola Hivelin & Sophie Noël
traduction **Sunny Buick**

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©SANDRINE ELBERG
Yuki-Onna serie

Y O K A Ì I C B E T S C S
S U R R É A L I S T E C O
R É É C O L O G I E S C U
B I O D I V E R S I T É T
R É D É R C H A M A N E E
R É D R E F U G i É S C N
A C A P I T A L I S M E I
R C O M M U N A U T É M R
A R C H É T Y P E S L M X
M P R O T É G E R F L U X
O A E L E M E N T S A S A
U S E X U A L I T É S I A
R A A A S A A A A A F Q A
A A A A O A A A A A É U A
G P A H U M A N I S M E A
R S A A T A A A A A I S S
I Y A A E A R A A A N A O
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A A A A A A E L B E R G A
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V I V I E N I B E R T I N
A Y M E R I C U N N Y B U
B E R G A D A F D U A A A
V V V F E N L A C A D E T

ONCE UPON A TIME

S O N A A A A B R R T Y O
O F A A A P I T C H A A A
B L A N C H E A C I O U A
M A G A R I N O S - R E Y
A A P A L O R E N Z Ö L I
M É L A N I E E T Ö R Ö K
J U L I E A A T L A S B U
M C A C H A T O N A M U Z
A S S U N N Y E B U I C K
M I I K K A R L O M M I A
F R É D É R I C A A A A A
A A A A A A A B E T S C H



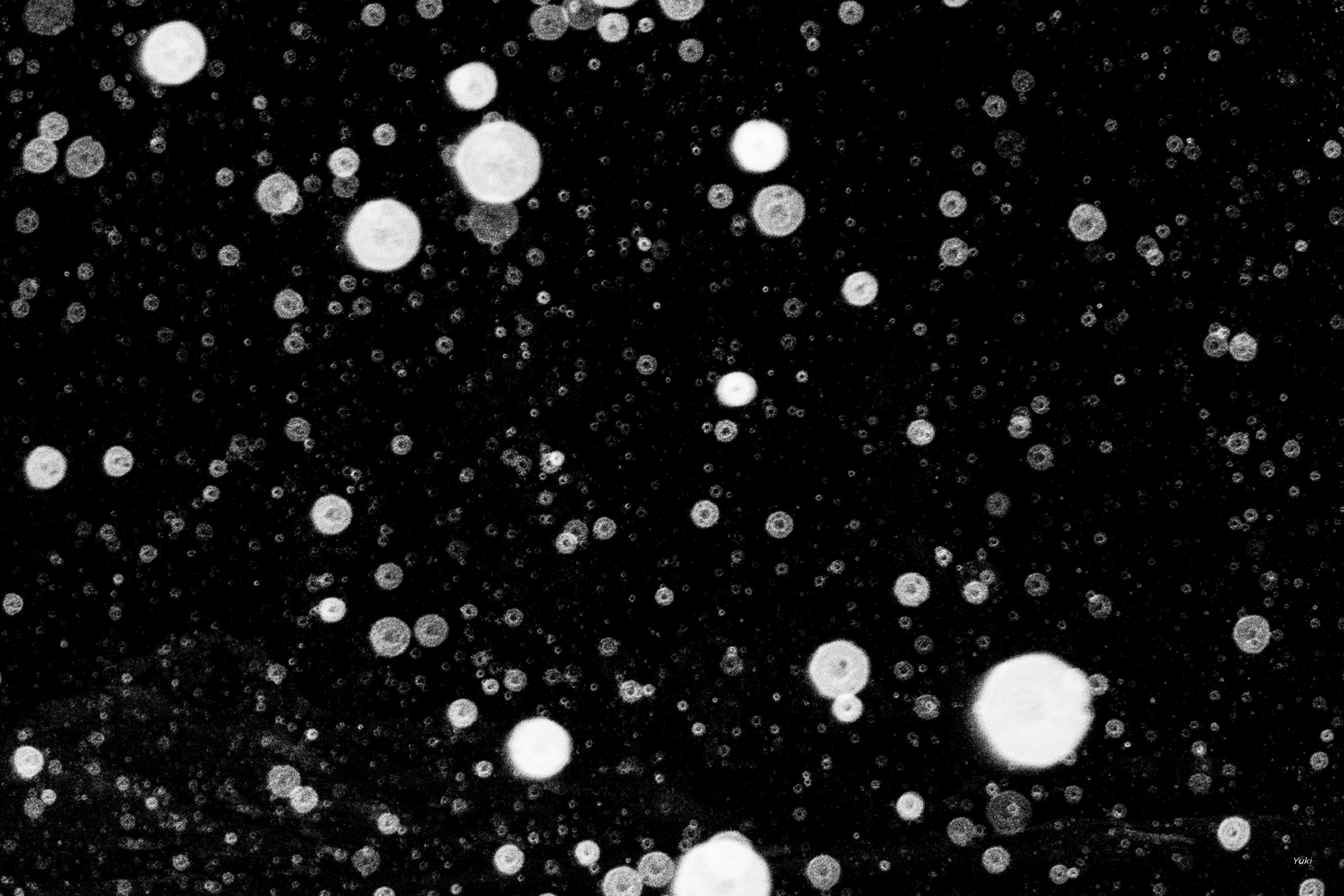
SANDRINE ELBERG

Yuki-Onna



Sandrine Elberg's photographic work mixes identity quest and formal exploration. The artist delivers ambivalent images from hostile territories, connected to our collective imagination. Dressed with a mask from young girl Shakumi from the Noh Theater, she represents the character of Yuki-Onna and invites us to reverie and contemplation. Yuki-Onna is a Japanese folkloric character, a Yōkai, a spirit or a ghost who appears at night in regions where it snows a lot. She is described in different manners, sometimes as a huge woman sometimes as a snow-covered landscape. She represents the duality of winter, in between smooth beauty and violent storms. A great part of Sandrine Elberg's work consists in interfering with the negative. The altered image becomes then a transcendent image.

















CIOU

Elemental women

"My serie *Elemental women* started in 2017 after two trips. The first was in North America and made me discover shaman art and its totems; the second took place in Japan where I immersed myself in a culture which maintains a perfect symbiosis with nature, even in the very heart of megacities. Since then, I have kept on remixing myths, paganism, botany, natural science, pop culture and surrealism, one foot in the past, one foot in the future."

Queen of the skull island

Drawing and ink on paper
20 x 15 cm, 2017

The undead tree
Acrylic and ink on paper
21 x 27 cm, 2017





The sacred mountain
Acrylic and ink on paper
40 x 30 cm, 2017



Totem girls from outer space
Acrylic and ink on paper
21 x 27 cm, 2017



Pacific North West
Acrylic and ink on paper
50x 40 cm, 2017



Supernova burning in the air

Ink on paper
24 x 18 cm, 2018



MINA MOND

Hax

Born with a rare congenital heart condition, Mina Mond has lived several near-death experiences -NDE- which have led her to faith. After giving up on her plan to become a pastor, she makes the connection between her beliefs and her pictorial work with a series of ex-votos. Her art that she herself describes as “naive noir”, is both terrifying and mysterious. Made without any rough sketch, images first appear in her mind. The artist relates this mediumistic process to her longtime practice as a psychic. Mina Mond instills her mysticism in her productions to turn them into magical objects, protections against death. She is particularly inspired by strong mythological feminine characters and she also deals with contemporary subjects like women's conditions such as the Weinstein aftermath (Hollywood Babylon) or the movement denouncing violence against women in Ciudad Juarez, Mexico (Ni una menos).

Triple moon

Acrylic on wood panel
60 x 80 cm, 2016



Ni una menos
Egg tempera and gold leaf on canvas
100 x 200 cm, 2018



Malleus maleficarum
Watercolor on coton paper
55 x 77cm, 2016



Battle hymn
Acrylic on wood panel
60 x 80 cm, 2016



Hollywood Babylon
Egg tempera on canvas
100 x 200 cm, 2018



The great Prostitute of Babylon

Ink and watercolor on paper
100 x 70 cm, 2016

Y O K A I I C B E T S C S
S U R R É A L I S T E C O
R É E C O L O G Y E S C U
B I O D I V E R S I T É T
R É D É R C H A M A N E E
R É D R E F U G I É S C N
A C A P I T A L I S M E I
R C O M M U N A U T É M R
A R C H E T Y P E S L M X
M P R O T É G E R F L U X
O A É L É M E N T S A S A
U S E X U A L I T É S I A
R A A A S A A A A A F Q A
A A A A O A A A A A É U A
G P A H U M A N I S M E A
R S A A T A A A A A I S S
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C C H D N A E A B I I O R
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E I U R A A I A S A E È S
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A A S A N D R I N E A A A
A A A A A A E L B E R G A
É M I L I E N J O U V E T
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P A O L A A H I V E L I N
A A A A S U U H I E N K Ë
V **S O P H I E B N O Ë L A**
L O R E N Z Ö A A A A O K
V I V I E N I B E R T I N
A Y M E R I C U N N Y B U
B E R G A D A F D U A A A
V V V F E N L A C A D E T

TIME'S UP

S O N A A A A B R R T Y O
O F A A A P I T C H A A A
B L A N C H E A C I O U A
M A G A R I N O S - R E Y
A A P A L O R E N Z Ö L I
M É L A N I E E T Ö R Ö K
J U L I E A A T L A S B U
M C A C H A T O N A M U Z
A S **S U N N Y E B U I C K**
M I I K K A R L O M M I A
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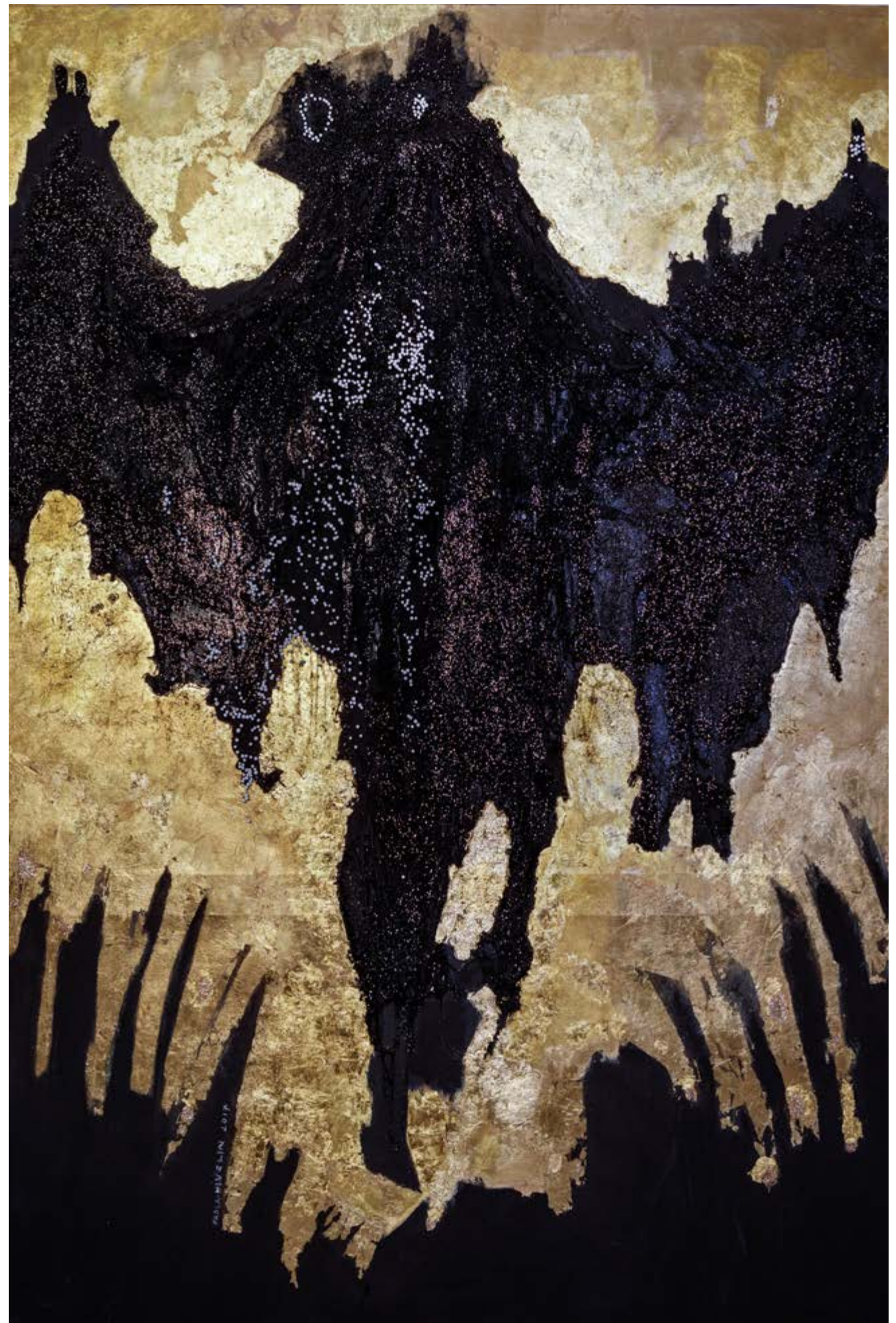
PAOLA HIVELIN

Shadow work

"Colors have disappeared from my palette. Black –either mat, satiny, sequined, made of glass splinters or interlacing of threads– has taken control and is laying three frightening creatures on my canvas covered with gold, silver, sparkling copper. I try to freeze these forms worthy of the Rorschach test with bursts of needles, to capture the uncatchable. But the shadow has already stepped out from the frame, I see it everywhere: in the anthropomorphic outlines of trees, in the strange shapes my body takes when it stands between the sun and the earth and particularly in my interaction with the other and the world."

Vampire

23 carats gold leaf and mixed media on canvas
130 x 195 cm, 2017



"THERE IS NO LIGHT WITHOUT SHADOW, AND NO PSYCHIC WHOLENESS WITHOUT IMPERFECTION.
TO ROUND ITSELF OUT, LIFE CALLS NOT FOR PERFECTION BUT FOR COMPLETENESS ;,
AND FOR THIS THE "THORN IN THE FLESH" IS NEEDED,
THE SUFFERING OF DEFECTS WITHOUT WHICH THERE IS NO PROGRESS AND NO ASCENT"

C.G. Jung

Baba Yaga

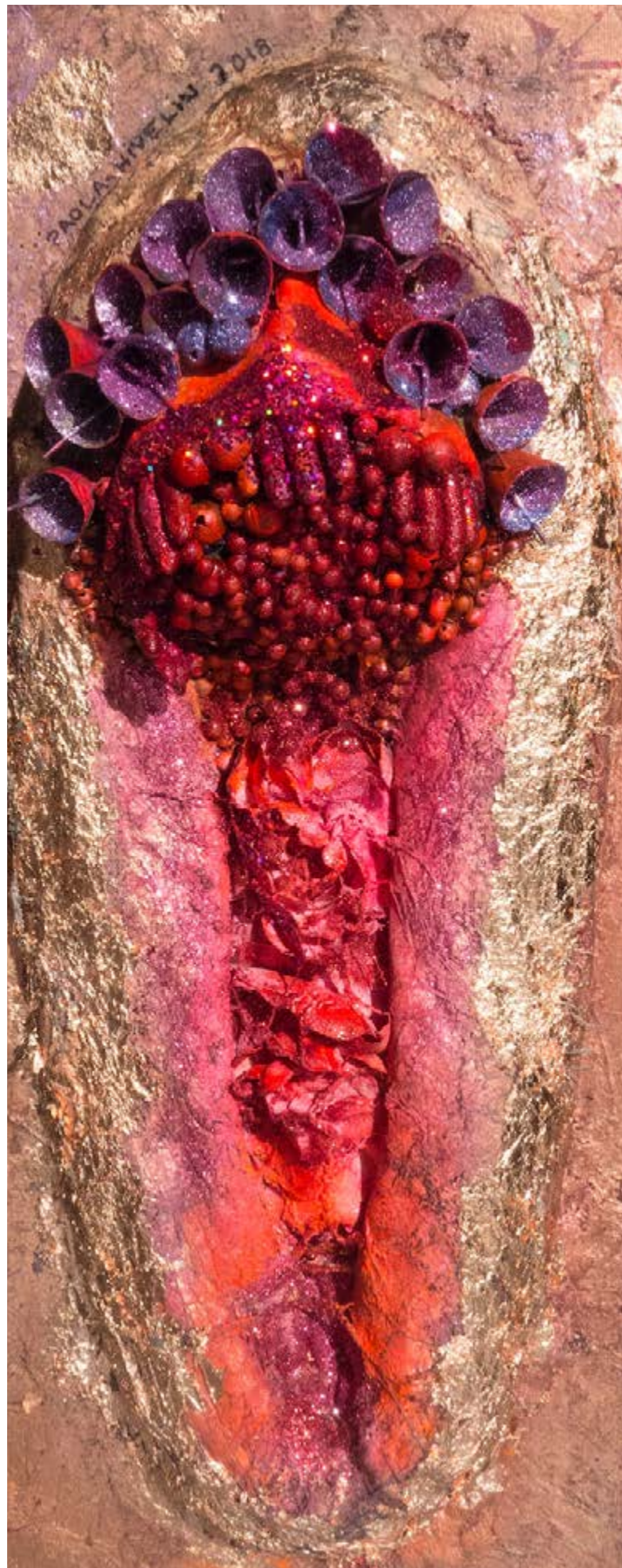
12 carats white gold, silver and mixed media on canvas
130 x 195 cm, 2017





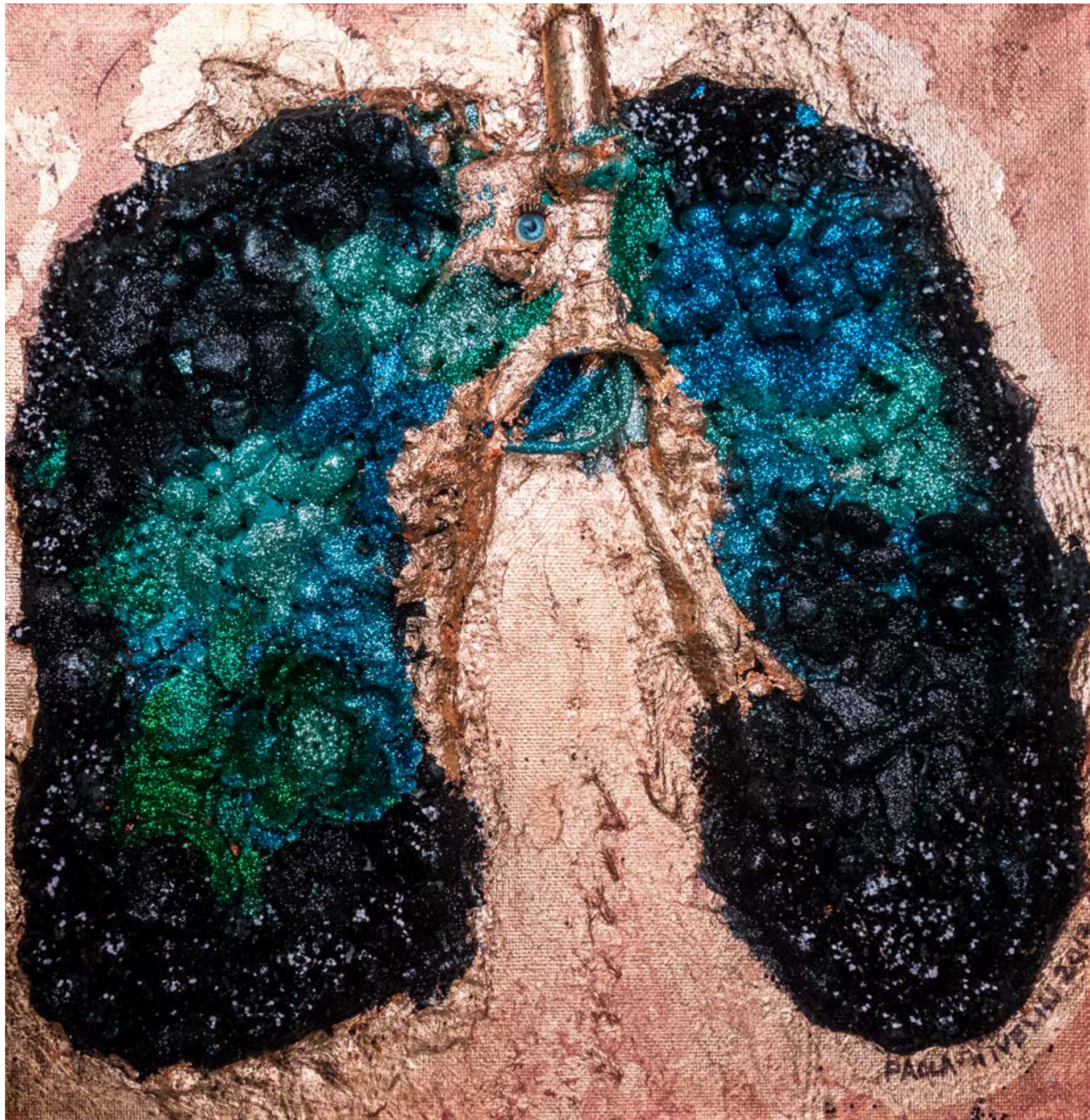
Kraken

Copper and mixed media on canvas
130 x 195 cm, 2017



Ex-votos

"I dedicated each work, i.e. each body part to a scientific, humanitarian or environmental project and I focused on the organic interconnection with the world and the individual by using symbolic interpretative keys. The totality of the sales of each work will go to the corresponding philanthropic organization."



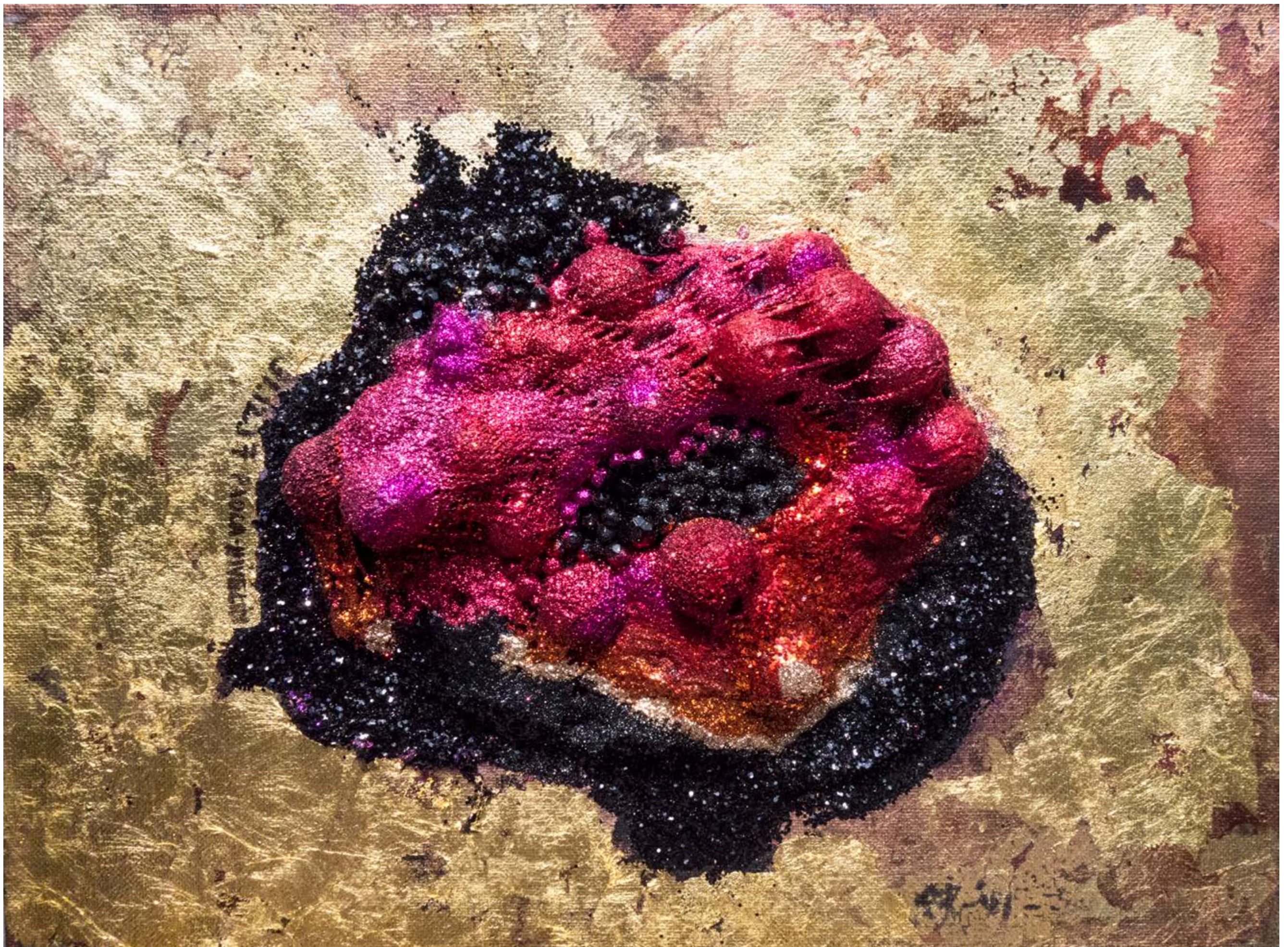
"YOU ARE NOT A DROP IN THE OCEAN.
YOU ARE THE ENTIRE OCEAN IN A DROP."

Rumi

Trees are our lungs:
Planète Amazone, Alliance of Mother Nature's guardians
Copper and mixed media on canvas
30 x 30 cm, 2017



What is consciousness? 1 & 2:
 Swiss Institute of Noetic Sciences
 Foundation dedicated to studies on consciousness
 23 carats gold leaf and mixed media on canvas
 20 x 20 cm, 2016



Inform. Connect. Empower 1:
TrustLaw
Thomson Reuters Foundation's
pro bono legal programme
23 carats gold leaf
and mixed media on canvas
30 x 40 cm, 2017



Animals have feelings 1:
Association 269Libération animale
Antispecist association

23 carats gold leaf
and mixed media on canvas
30 x 30 cm, 2017



Inform. Connect. Empower 1:
TrustLaw
Thomson Reuters Foundation's
pro bono legal programme
12 carats white gold, silver
and mixed media on canvas
30 x 40 cm, 2017



Animals have feelings 2:
Association 269Libération animale
Antispecist association

12 carats white gold, silver and mixed media on canvas

MÉLANIE TÖRÖK

Earth, Wind and Fire

"There are around us celestial creatures who never give up..."

Traveler of the unknown, with an insatiable curiosity, I laid my eyes on landscapes of multiple colors, flavors and melodies. As results of my adventures, these self-portraits realized in natural light, sometimes in the cold, often in forbidden places, are rituals which connect myself to the magic of the moment, as close as possible to nature. Along with the observation of an environmental and human emergency, I suggest a possible outcome thanks to a poetic onirism. If we let the mermaids die then nature will resume its due."









Wake up!

"THERE ARE
WORSE THINGS THAN
BEING ALONE
BUT IT OFTEN
TAKES DECADES
TO REALIZE THIS
AND MOST OFTEN
WHEN YOU DO
IT'S TOO LATE
AND THERE IS NOTHING
WORSE THAN
TOO LATE."

Charles Bukowski — *Oh yes*



Try to breathe
Coal washery of Chavannes



Now it's your turn
Slaughterhouse of Nozay

Sunny Buick

Retribution Ritual!



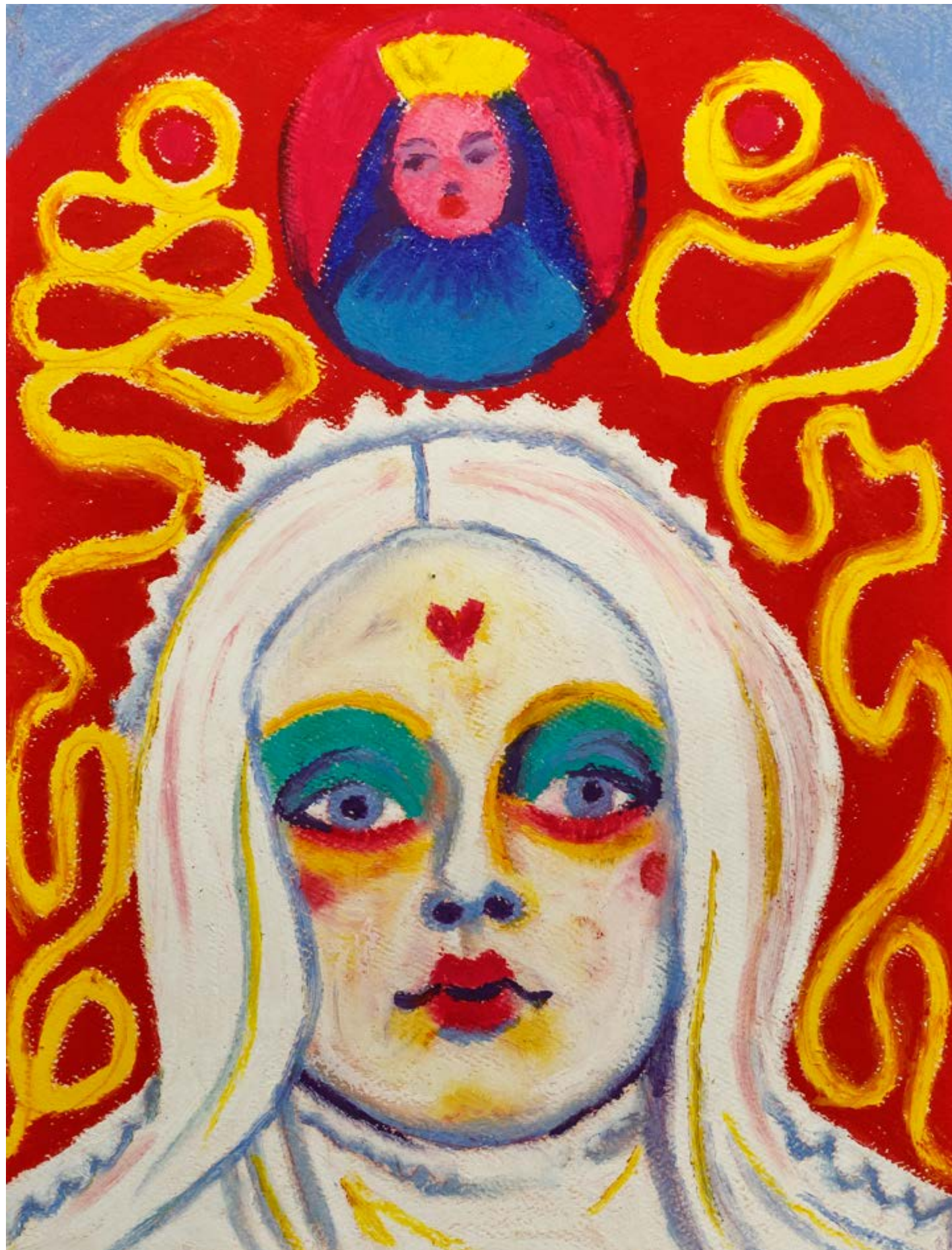
Retribution ritual
Oil on wood panel
60 x 80 cm, 2017



Bougainville discovered Polynesia when he arrived in Tahiti in 1768. Returning home enchanted by this island paradise, populated by topless tattooed women who could freely choose their sexual partners, offering themselves to the foreign sailors, whom they beleived to be gods.

With their readymade garden of Eden myth and the disobedient Eve, the returning explorers started a campain to convince the authorities of the need to convert this «savage» population to Christianity, cover their nudity and destroy their pagan idols. We know their real purpose was to exploit the natural ressources and create a port of call. They used shame as a psychological domination technique, as it is still used in our capitalist, narcissistic societies today.

This work, Retribution Ritual, is a feminist revenge fantasy of the oppressed; a Wahinis' revolution, where they have realized early on that their innocence and generosity have been abused, which leads them to return the violence they have suffered and become the perpetrators, offering the heads of their enemies to the Tiki idol, symbolically dismantling patriarchy.



AVA by Sunny Buick,
Oil pastel on paper, 23 x 30 cm, 2018

SOPHIE NÖEL

Ad Vitam Æternam
Soap opera

Summary of the previous episode

In a near future, Ava #1506 lives as a recluse in the Tower of Mental Health Recovery, a high-tech psychiatric hospital where no one can escape from.

In this gigantic building, the Authority, the armed wing of the Father's Society, is watching and controlling every move.

During a full moon night, the young woman discovers by chance a musical part that is going to change her life: the Man in the Moon from Schonberg. Moved by the dissonant harmonies and the torturous melodies of this amazing composition, she has a fit of madness. Ava in crisis is then brutally restrained by the “care-givers” from the Tower. And she is placed under observation.

"THERE ARE TWO INFINITE THINGS, THE UNIVERSE
AND HUMAN STUPIDITY... AS FAR AS THE UNIVERSE
THOUGH, I DON'T HAVE ANY ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY."

Albert Einstein

"Mr. Louis Adam, Sir, I kindly invite you to go and fuck yourself." Chloe is talking to herself on the steps of the Sacré Coeur. Here it is, she's losing it. She knew this would happen eventually. Based on her feminist perception and the current political climate it was inevitable. The shrink is chewing over the misogynistic and hateful things that the First Brother -this asshole- said today in the extraordinary session of the Society Council, the higher authority that oversees all the ministries. She cannot get over it. How did Humanity manage to reach such a level of complete bullshit? The recently turned forty woman, currently in office at the Ministry of Perfect Health and Eternal Life, imagines the scathing replies she could have lashed out at this scumbag of Louis Adam who still managed to tell her "Are you having your periods, Mrs. Collin?" while she was politely disapproving a possible lobotomy for Ava#1506. Lame. If only she had had a say, she could have answered something like: "No, I simply don't like sexist crimes" or maybe she would have expressed it in a more vulgar way. Probably even. But she is a woman. And as a consequence, she is mostly allowed to shut up and obey men. So she restrains herself. If she wants to demonstrate her disapproval, she is only free to docilely nod in agreement and smile to any individual who has a penis. And more particularly to this punk running the Council, the sinister second in command of the Society who is only accountable to the Father, the supreme leader of this travesty of a democracy. Actually women are usually not invited to seat in the council. Chloe is one of the rare females present at his Meetings, but not thanks to affirmative action policy, no, no. This concept ceased to

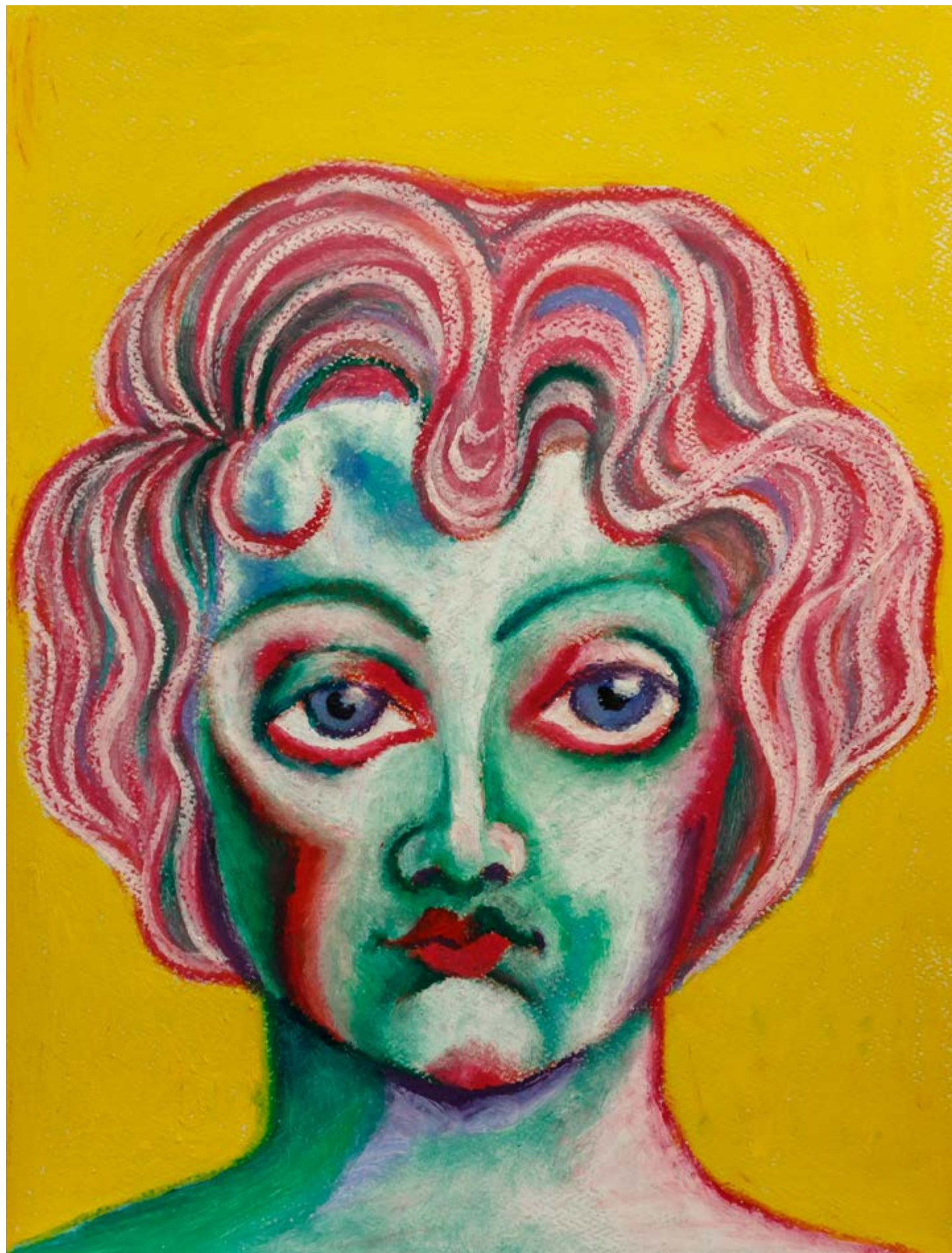
exist a long time ago. She has been granted the right to be there as decoration in this pack of uptight males just because her late father was the official shrink of the Council and he was not lucky enough to have a son. High-ranked positions are now inherited. And this douche of Louis Adam seems personally mad at her for being the daughter of the former official psychiatric. He did not stop making cutting remarks to her. Standing on the steps of the Basilique, facing the horizon, the official psychiatric of the Council inhales deeply and takes a long sigh. She must calm down, an evil-minded passerby could report a suspicious behavior and she does not feel at all like ending in the Tower of Social order enforcement. She casts a circular glance at the view; far away, on the right, the Eiffel Tower pierced a stormy sky, imitated by the Montparnasse tower facing it, besides the City Waters, towards her own place. She inflates her lungs again and tries to be positive: she is quite lucky to live in this magnificent city even though the capital must have been way more beautiful before the flood waters covered most of its streets and monuments. Only a few districts in altitude did not get swept away: Montmartre, the highest spot in Paris where the established power took shelter, Montparnasse, Ménilmontant and a few other urban hills. She is making efforts to think about herself and to feel in the here and now on the roof of Paris, as a part of the great All and her mood subtly improves, she manages to rise above the pettiness of these human and supposedly evolved apes; earthlings prove to be pretty ridiculous bumbling along fruitlessly for futilities they believe to be crucial. "Seen from the cosmos it does not make any sense". This thought calms her a bit. But she keeps quiet about it because her neo-pagan convictions would send her for quite some time in the Tower of the Faith in Science which is the only authorized religion now. And those who would have any doubt about the Supremacy are invited to think it through in one of the gigantic high security buildings which stand over the French Islands. There is nothing fun about living in the Towers; Chloe got a distant insight during the Council session. No one really knows what's happening in those huge buildings, dedicated to research on immortality,

but in this specific island, Ava seems to be having a real fucking hard time. It seems they got her in the middle of a psychotic decompensation. The shrink wonders if it could be a dysfunction of her implant for docility. She is going to do anything to get her out. It's a matter of sisterhood in the first place. And she smells something fishy in those Towers. She does not know exactly what but it stinks of death. First of all, this whole thing about an implant for docility has to do with perversion. But what can she do? If she wants to help mental patients –her professional mission- and resist the spreading of fascism in the society –the lifetime project she assigned herself to – her only concrete option for now is to manage to rehabilitate the patients in order to get them out of the Tower. She is repeating on a loop, like a mantra: “you must resist, resist, resist more than anything else and even on a small scale, you must resist despite anything and everything.” Chloe heads towards the vertiginous stairs of the Basilique: she must get a bus- boat at the bottom of the Butte Montmartre. Her thoughts start wandering off as she begins the descent towards the waters.

It's better not to be born a woman and crazy nowadays, it's a lot to handle for the same and only person. The scepter of witchcraft is still constantly lurking in this ultra-secure society. Some folkloric witchcraft, of course. Not the real one. "These morons in a suit don't even know what it looks like", Chloe thinks. She also thinks that Ava for instance would be the perfect candidate for a 2.0 stake. The poor thing got unlucky: she is a girl and she is mentally ill, borderline to be accurate. Her intricate profile fluctuates in between neurosis and psychosis. She has been catalogued as a misfit by the Society, because on top of being "crazy", she used to be a musician on the Lagoon, according to the file Chloe carefully read. But the patient forgot everything about her art with the mandatory and systematized deletion of the memory for all the residents of the Towers. Today Ava does not know anymore what a treble clef looks like, nor what it is and she sells bras in one of the numerous Towers of the country. The shrink is horrified by

these hideous practices, it literally makes her sick to her stomach. For the moment she has not found a way to stop them but she is still looking and she never admits defeat. Right now she is mostly going to try to prove that Ava did not have an hysteria attack but a psychotic decompensation. And as a consequence the patient could escape lobotomy which is systematically performed on the ones “sick from having a uterus. "These scumbags have evolved, it's terrifying" says Chloe ironically on the inside. "Hysteria. No joke... Another fake excuse to mistreat women, there you go! After all since Freud, things haven't really changed..." The shrink would like to be explained why and for all this time women have been hated... Lobotomy is almost exclusively practiced on women, same for low wages and so on. She is thinking about the macho oppression through the centuries while she is going down the endless steps of the Basilique and she is fuming with exasperation again without being able to do anything about it.

To make it worse, she is struggling with her fifteen centimeters stilettos. The spike heels click on the steps leading down to the bus-boat stop and this sound reminds her that patriarchal oppression is a part of her. She is muttering again... "One of the patriarchal plans is then to enslave women by making them believe it's only a matter of physical appearance. So they consider them as idiots on top of everything else. I know men also pay the price from this dumb-ass system. But chicks still pay a much higher one. It's fucked up." She is looking forward to go home and take off all this torture equipment which turns every woman in Paris into a walking fantasy for alpha males as these fucking heels come along a super tight skirt and a corset with an uplift cleavage. Feels like hell. And she is supposed to act natural while wearing those! You never know, you can come across the fashion police and win the most prized award: a complete renewal of your wardrobe to be even more elegant. Chloe could not care less about clothes but she must be trendy in conformity with her social status. She must set a right example. It's part of her contract. That's what she is thinking about when her left foot



CHLOÉ by Sunny Buick,
Oil pastel on paper, 23 x 30 cm, 2018

decides to slip on a wet lower step. She sprains her ankle, falls flat on her face and ends miserably on a landing a few meters below. « Aaah! What's the fucking fuck! Shit! » This time she definitely screamed. Too much pressure. She is like a time bomb. She gets up with pain, adjusts her outfit, arrange a few strands of hair, sighs loudly. Infuriated, Chloe faces the Sacré Coeur, stares at the monument with a menacing look and adds, just for herself this time: "Fucking patriarchy, we'll get you one day." A powerful wind blows away clouds unceremoniously, changing swiftly the grey tones of the sky, drawing new random plates of the Rorschach test which pass at a nearly epileptic speed. It should rain soon. Or maybe an environmental catastrophe will happen, who knows, it has always been an option for decades. If she walks fast, she might have a chance to avoid getting soaked. The stop for the bus-boat is still a few hundred meters further down. She hurries cautiously, paying attention to where she chooses to place her Q-tips of heels.

It's strategic at this stage, particularly on an uneven paved floor. You must have a few steps ahead like for chess. While staring at the tip of her toes, she manages to get to the bus-boat stop that will take her home without collapsing and despite her painful ankle. When she gets home she will evaluate the bruises caused by her fall. Because it does sting a little. To go home is her one and only goal right now. Luckily the bus-boat just arrives at that very moment. A synthetic voice announces "Montmartre, Society Council, Montmartre, Society Council", twice in case one hasn't understood. She carefully minds her steps while climbing on the boat and she goes and sits in the back, in the section reserved for women. It's a segregation to Chloe. She feels persecuted and is fully aware that she is dealing with shameless and extreme sexism. But the Society prefers to tell the female passengers that this security measure is necessary to protect women from frotteurs and other sexual deviants. After all, according to the Father's Law, intercourse is a need for men who would be in fact animals drawn by women's bodies. Actually, women's first value can be found in their desirability when they would obviously prefer cuddling and tenderness. Individuals from chromosomal category XX would

be on earth to be desired and penetrated, that's it. And of course to be mothers as well, it's a biological evidence according to the Father. "I live in a phallocracy. It's bad. I wanna puck. Phew!" Even the means of transportation look like dicks. It sucks. She is having this thought while the two waterwheels placed on the back of the cylindrical boat are set in motion thanks to the steam generated by the solar panels that cover the boat. Chloe always thought the boats in charge of transporting travelers on the city waters looked like floating phalluses. And their ecological engines looked like two big propeller testicles. She thinks that's what probably guided the creators of this next generation of vaporetto.

That's what's on the therapist's mind in terms of psychoanalytic considerations when it starts raining. As an attempt to try to relax for good at last, she decides to solicit the nano music player implanted behind her ear. She thinks: "Ok Philibert find me a classical music part that fits both my mood and the weather." The implant answers her by whispering in her ear: "Hello Chloe, it seems you need to calm down. You are in Paris and a thunderstorm is coming. I suggest a composition from Erick Satie, his first *Gymnopédie: Once Upon A Time in Paris*." Perfect. Indeed it matches the general atmosphere. Clouds are black but behind them the sun strongly shines, piercing here and there the grey shield, revealing shatters of orange and golden light. Like the high-pitched notes from the piano are enlightening the lower frequencies of the partition she is listening to.

A sweet melancholy takes over her, quickly replaced by a relative peace indulged by the slow rhythm of the composition which allows her to pace her breathing in a relaxation mode; Satie is lulling her. His *Gymnopédie* sounds like a litany, it's an invitation to calm down that she willingly accepts. The alternating of major and minor musical phrases makes her think about the constantly redrawn sky; sometimes joyful sometimes gloomy. "Philibert did a good job" says Chloe to herself. She looks at the tide and the raindrops troubling it.

It's an interesting musical landscape. Sometimes the two tempos

correspond and Chloe tries to imagine the partition of these random rhythmical additions; plop, drip, drip-drip, plop, quarter, quarter, eighth, eighth, quarter, she gets to focus on something she adores; sound in general and music in particular. She has been lucky enough to practice it since childhood and as a consequence she knows how to read and write it. She only sings in the shower now but she studied the piano for a long time and keeps a wonderful memory from it. But she does not have the time anymore and anyway, the only musicians who have a career in Paris are males. Female artists are concentrated on the Lagoon. Besides the fact that it was not an option at all for her to go for an “original” career: she had to carry up her father’s torch. It’s the law.

The bus-boat cleaves swiftly through the verdigris-colored waves. Chloe took an express which crosses the City waters through their center. The visual landscape of her trip is reduced to dark waters on both sides of the sustainable boat. At times in the distance she sees the reliefs of the lands which survived the flood. The local stops route is way nicer as it passes along Buttes Chaumont, Belleville and the Butte aux Cailles but she urgently needs to go home. She is going tomorrow to the Pyrenees to examine the now famous Ava and she wants to enjoy her two lovers before she goes away. She also wants to go out, to attend a concert and to have some drinks with them. The robotic voice snaps her out of her daydreaming and announces "Montsouris, Montsouris" as the boat docks. She finally sees the comforting shades of green, brown, purple from the trees and the grass from the park. Branches carrying flowers are adorned with pink cotton bowls. Spring has definitely arrived despite the erratic weather. Nature is awesome: Humans constantly assault it, yet it keeps going, it won’t let go. Mother-Earth has got the power. The shrink gets off. On the green dock, she breathes and feels good at last. For real. And for the first time of the day. She asks Philibert to stop the music of her nano audio implant: she wants to hear the birds singing, the sound of the wind in the leaves as well as of the few raindrops still falling. She loves her neighborhood, it’s the wildest part of Paris and she is thankful to be able to leave here. Well, of course

behind the park and the one-hundred-year-old trees stands the sinister wall. And behind the wall, it’s another story; the famous lagoon stretches out. It’s quite a fancy name for the sinister city garbage dump. The wall is keeping the trash out of the city as well as the misfits that the father’s Society confined there. The Lagoon has become with time a lawless area where plastic islands and other piles of trash float and where are parked barges of artists, unemployed people, hookers and dealers. It’s also a burial place for those who can’t afford a decent final resting place in the Pere Lachaise, the only cemetery still emerged. It’s in this not so welcoming place -but filled with artistic talents- that Chloe would like to go tonight with Marlo and Julie for MC Chaton’s show. She seriously needs to relieve stress. Luckily her status as a Citizen allows her to go freely in and out of this area as long as she identifies herself. However in theory no outcast can get out of there. But her girl, her honey, Julie, managed to escape this ghetto where she was imprisoned. There she was making sculptures made of waste, compositions designed to support environmental and feminist causes. “She is a hero” thinks Julie with a fixed ecstatic smile. This thought makes her want to cuddle even more in her girlfriend’s arms. The shrink is also looking forward to see Marlo, the boy she married. They are hiding Julie at home. In this free-love trouple, they tell each other everything or almost. And extramarital affairs are not a source of dispute. “Faithful from the heart, no briefs” is their moto. Freedom however is the keystone of their relationship as well as honesty. She walks along the alleys of the park that bring her closer to her building and arrives in a way better mood that when she began her trip back home. She turns the key inside the lock, opens the door and four cats come rubbing against her legs. Selena, Bastet, Zeus and Pan are all together meowing, each with a specific tone and voice. "Animals are real individuals in their own right", thinks Chloe. "We are not three here, but seven in fact..." If they shelter so many cats, it’s because they have to. With the rising waters, rats almost took over the city and cats have proved themselves to be the only valuable and eco-friendly defense against them. The Society recommends one cat for 20 square meters, their apartment is 80 square meters. She walks through the never-ending corridor that leads to the

living room and along which are deployed a multitude of doors: each of them has his-her own room and they share the bathroom, the kitchen and the living room. They sleep as a couple -swapping partners whenever they feel like it- or sleep all three together or alone, depending of the mood. No rules. The basic principle in this house lies in everybody’s respect.

And in the fact that one should silence his-her ego as much as possible. When she arrives in the living room, she is pleased by a delightful vision: her lovers are on the coach, Marlo lays his head on Julie’s lap. She is twisting his hair and caress his face tenderly. They are relaxed, both wearing some leggings and a tee-shirt and they are listening to "Cherry Bomb" from the Runaways, a rock band from the second half of the twentieth century. Chloe loves that song. It makes her feel great. Nevertheless she cannot hide for a long time her irritation from earlier. Julie gets it quickly and asks about her lover’s internal forecast.

-How are you sweetie? You look exhausted and a bit grumpy.

-Louis the knucklehead chopped up my ovaries once again. He really pissed me off like a pro. Expert level. Dude is...

-Again? What the fuck! Marlo says...

-Give me a fucking hug my loves, whines Chloe with watery eyes. They hug each other, kiss each other’s neck, stroke each other’s shoulders and back of the neck, gently.

-Can we do anything to help you? Marlo asks.

-No, not really. I am leaving tomorrow for Roussillon to check on a patient who has decompensated. Or had a problem with her obedience implant. These assholes are obviously convinced that they are dealing with a case of hysteria. So she might get lobotomized. I am disgusted. And I am going to miss you big time adds Chloe with a defeated look. Julie’s jaws tighten, Marlo feels like crying from anger and sadness. Chloe continues:

So I would like to go and have a drink or ten on the concert – barge, now, I must admit. MC Chaton is performing tonight on the Lagoon. Do you feel like going?

-Totally I love this girl. Julie, babe, is that ok with you?

-Just let me put back my pirated contact lenses on so I can ditch checkpoints and let’s go.

The three lovers must be extremely cautious tonight. Julie could get caught and forced to stay on the other side of the Lagoon where she ran away. And Chloe and Marlo could remain stuck there too if the Authority of the Wall finds out they are a three way couple, with an outcast on the run to make it worse. Monogamy is the only legal option when it comes to love matters. To make their legal situation even more complicated, the three of them are bisexual; they are the main target for the Tower which aims to eradicate all "unnatural" sexual behaviors, the Tower of the Return to a biological sexuality. One of the worst towers so it seems. "Fuck it, let’s go", says Julie who found her lenses.

The three lovers set out while carefully avoiding to hold each other’s hands.

Previous episode on **www.gangofwitches.com**



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Subway Stories serie, 2015



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Subway Stories serie, 2017

Y O K A Ï I C B E T S C S
S U R R É A L I S T E C O
R É É C O L O G I E S C U
B I O D I V E R S I T É T
R É D É R C H A M A N E E
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URBI ET ORBI

S O N A A A A B R R T Y O
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M A G A R I N O S - R E Y
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A A A A A A A B E T S C H

WITHOUT ANYTHING, BUT THIS.

LORENZÖ

"Without anything, but this. is a photographic documentary project that aims to challenge the lack of empathy towards asylum seekers. The pictures have been taken in Finland, but the issue they address is universal. This project is my very personal answer to the recent raise of racism and intolerance that, alas, took the Western world by storm.

In 2016 and 2017, I went to asylum seekers reception centers all around Finland, simply asking the residents: what did you bring from your country to here?

I would then take a picture, and listen to the story behind. In order not to disturb the everyday life of the centers, the photographic/ interview sessions would happen in a dedicated, closed room where I had set up a little photographic studio. Each participant would come in, show me what they brought and tell her/his story assisted by a translator.

Photos and stories are meant to be exhibited side by side. I decided not to show faces in this project in order to try to remove any bias or prejudice from the viewer's perception.

Purposely, the stories bear no geographical mention: because there is no other visual context than the objects themselves, viewers have to transfer the photos and the stories into their own cultural universe using their own personal visual references, eventually realising by analogy that the people behind the images and the texts were living a normal life before having to flee their country and become refugees."



We were crossing the mountains at night. It was cold, we were freezing. Smugglers with rifles were harassing us, making us walk faster, pushing us, treating us like cattle. They were angry because we were too slow.

A bit behind the group, a mother was traveling alone, carrying her infant. She was on a horse, because she was too weak to walk. Her baby fell from the horse and rolled in the ditch. We could hear the baby crying, a bit below the path. The mother tried to stop but smugglers prevented her to do so. They yelled at us, and started shooting to make us continue marching.

No one could rescue the baby.

As the group had to walk away, we could hear the baby crying, and the mother's desperate calls.

This banknote was my last one. It's the one that the smugglers didn't take. I keep it to remember what human beings can do to other human beings, just for money.

I don't know what happened to the mother and to her baby. But I still hear them calling and crying.



I was coming back from school in my friend's car, when we got kidnapped at a checkpoint. We got detained for a few hours and released. Without explanation. We went back to the car and resumed driving. I was on the passenger seat. My friend was driving. Suddenly, a huge explosion. An insane heat. A noise impossible to describe.

The car had exploded: there was a remotely controlled bomb under the driver's seat. My friend died instantly. I got ejected from the vehicle, my body burning from the heat, bleeding from the dozens of pieces of hot metal lodged in my flesh. I screamed of pain. A crowd gathered and thought I was a suicide bomber. They want to lynch me and beat me up until I lose consciousness.

I woke up in a hospital bed, in tremendous pain. Nobody gave me any medicine. The amount of distress is unthinkable. The militia is surrounding my bed. They start torturing me until I manage to prove my identity and explain that I'm not a suicide bomber. Because hospital was not safe, my parents took me home. But soon home turned out not to be safe, so my parents and I have to flee elsewhere. My wounds would remain open, partially treated. It's impossible to describe with words the pain I felt.

After months, I wanted to go back to a normal life. So we moved back in. And I went back to college. It was really hard. My wounds would bleed open with no reason. But I wanted to study. Because of my religion, because who I was, college was not safe. One day, a teacher told me that killers were after me. I had to flee again. This time without coming back. The situation was getting desperate. My parents had no more money, the medicine for my treatment was expensive. I had no choice but finding work.

I started to work in a bank. And for the first time since a long time, my life went better. I met a woman. I married her. We got a son. We were happy.

But troubles started again: my wife and I don't have exactly the same religious background. For some people, our marriage was an infamy. They tried to kill us. So we had to flee, again, and again, and again. There was no safe place anymore. Everywhere, we would be hunted down.

One day I got tired of this. I knew if I would go away, my wife and my son could hide more easily.

So I left, without anything but these scars.



It's gift from my boss. I was working at a national TV station, and a VIP crew was about to visit the studios. My boss gave a bow tie to all the technicians that day, so we would look classier.

Because I was working for a media, I was someone to put be down. Killers were after me, so I left in a rush. I took the tie with me because I could hide it in my pocket. During the journey, the tie got damaged by sea salt: the metal parts are now a bit rusty.

I don't wear it much in public here in Finland. Sometimes in my room I put it on, to remember what my life used to be, when I was happy.

I have worn the bow tie in public only once in Finland, for a name-giving party of a Finnish child.



I worked 11 years as a TV reporter in a war zone. You cannot imagine what I have seen doing this job.

Because of my job, people tried to kill me. I escaped two murder attempts before deciding that I had to leave my country.

Part of my job was to cover stories about refugees and displaced populations.

I would never ever had imagined that one day, I would become one of them.



I was a kid, just a kid.

We were on our way to market to buy clothes when a bomb exploded. I woke in a hospital, feeling tremendous pain in my left eye. My whole body hurts, I can't hear anything because of the blast, and I don't understand what has happened.

A doctor comes to me, and tells me that I got injured by a bomb explosion, that 148 people died, most of them dismembered by the blast, and that I lost my left eye.

The pain in my eye is excruciating, permanently crushing my whole body down. I cannot go back to a normal life: I'm bullied at school, I'm excluded. This explosion took my eye, my happiness, my innocence, my childhood, my soul.

Several times, I try to kill myself. I feel like a freak, without friends, with no future. The pain in my eye is horrible. I start cutting myself, my arms, my legs. I want to destroy myself.

The situation worsened: an infection started threatening my brain. My parents sold everything they had and my brothers borrowed money in order to try to save me.

We manage to arrange a surgery. It lasts 6 hours. Post-op pain is still huge, so I try to use all the painkillers I can. But painkillers are expensive, and we run out of money.

At that moment we received the first death threats, sent directly to my mum's and dad's phones. My parents send my brother and me out of the country. Few weeks later, my dad is brutally murdered. My mother has had to see and hides until today.

I was a kid, just a kid.



This is a kind of two-string guitar instrument that is very popular in my country. I could not bring my own instrument to Finland. It's way too big, and way too expensive, made of precious wood and nacre. So I had to make a new one here, with the materials I was able to find.

I played it for seven years at home: I was a truck driver, so I was often alone on the road. I would play during my breaks, just to relax.

Here, I play when I'm sad.

I play everyday.



This mattress is a link to my culture, to my country and my previous life.

I was a motorcycle mechanic, I loved my job. But I had to leave: I received death threats. My country wasn't safe for me anymore.

This mattress is a connection to the daily routines of my previous life. It's a balm, a way to heal my soul.



FRÉDÉRIC BETSCH

Under the shade of containers

"To feel so tiny in front of the endless alignments of containers. To feel dizzy under the steel frames. To be deafened by the noise of metal and engines. To get lost in the middle of the 400 meters long ship while she's racing towards Europe. To testify to the extreme contrasts between steel and water, machines and men, tirelessly in search of maximum efficiency and output, that make do with the sea and the elements. Globalization has many faces, here is the one of the sea transport of goods.*."

*This serie is a part of an ongoing work about the transportation of containers and the merchant navy in the big European ports (Rotterdam, Antwerp, Le Havre and Dunkerque) and aboard the CMA-CGM Jules Verne during a trip on the China Sea, between Qingdao and Singapore, in July 2017.









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©FRÉDÉRIC BETSCH
Ghost serie

Y O K A Ï I C B E T S C S
S U R R É A L I S T E C O
R É É C O L O G I E S C U
B I O D I V E R S I T Y T
R É D É R C H A M A N E E
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COLUMN

S O N A A A A B R R T Y O
O F A A A P I T C H A A A
B L A N C H E A C I O U A
M A G A R I N O S - R E Y
A A P A L O R E N Z Ö L I
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M I I K K A R L O M M I A
F R É D É R I C A A A A A
A A A A A A A B E T S C H

BLANCHE MAGARINOS-REY

« BECAUSE OF THE PROGRAMMED UNION OF THE
LAND AND THE SEED, WE ARE ALL FARMERS... »

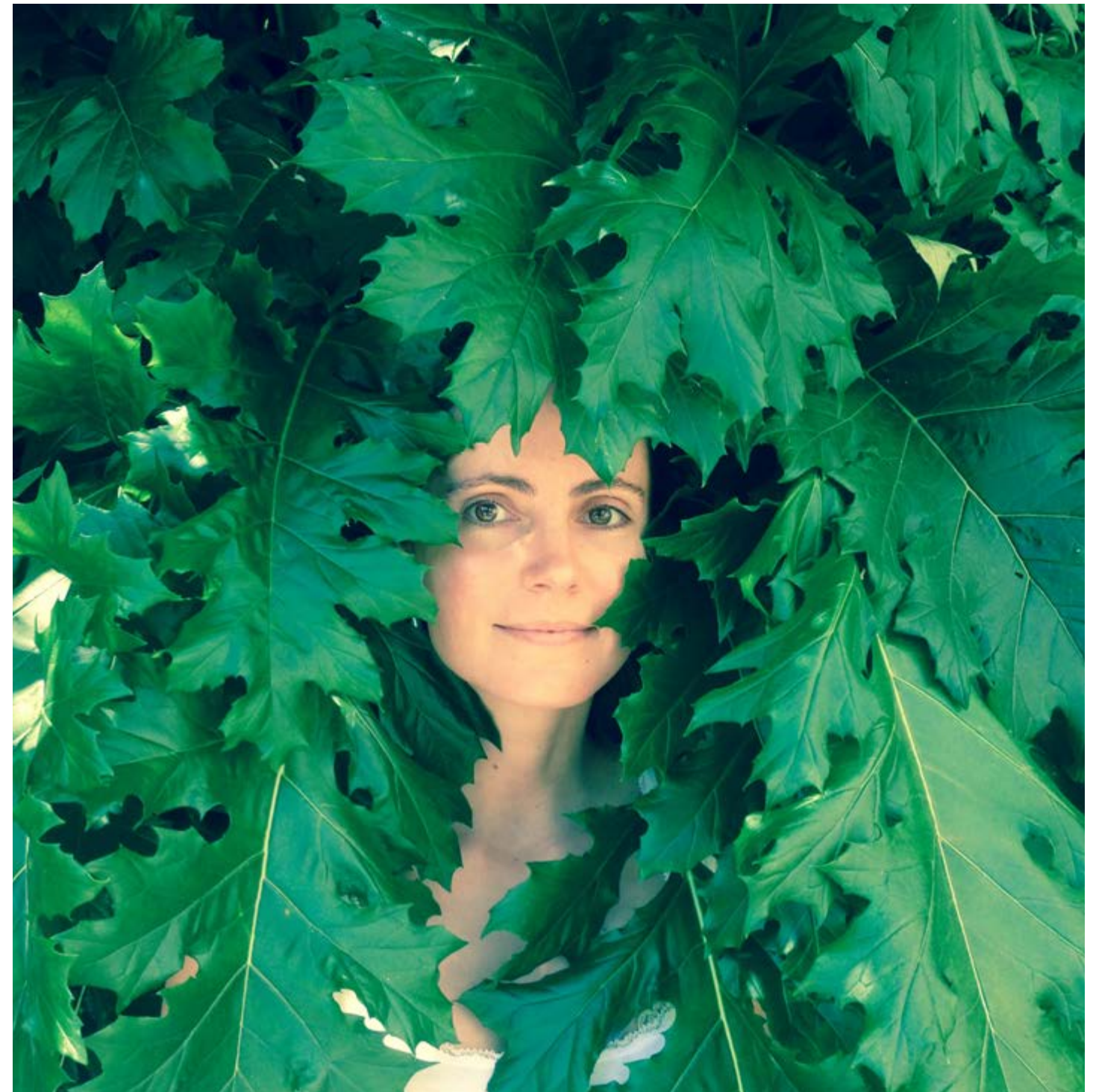
The seed, amazing essence of life encapsulated in a tiny plant case, the first link in the food chain, holds a particular position within agriculture as our cultural habits, our dependency to chemical input, the quality of our nutrition, the perpetuation of our cultural traditions mostly depend upon it, upon its interacting with men, its structure and genetic information and its legal status too.

The seed also has a mystical dimension as well as biological, historical, agricultural, dietary and cultural. However, among the resources that form the foundation of our farming systems, it might certainly be the least known but also the most coveted and threatened.

Since the beginning of agriculture, almost 10.000 years ago, our distant ancestors had monitored the evolution of cultivations, combining plants and their genes in an intuitive yet innovative way, selecting the best individuals for certain usages, relocating their seeds for them to adapt to new environments. Therefore they formed from a few individuals from one species, thousands of variants identified as “land races” or “varieties” that correspond to terroirs or determined needs.

This dynamics of constant diversification was broken by the industrial revolution whose principles were applied to agriculture, only just a century ago. Our agricultural systems then entered into a process of standardization on a global scale that was not only the end of the contribution of agriculture to the development of biodiversity but also played a part in destroying the existing diversity.

Thus, after nearly a whole century of expansion for industrial agriculture, the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations considers that today cultivated plants have lost more than 75% of their biodiversity.



BLANCHE MAGARINOS-REY
Lawyer founder of ARTEMISIA law firm
www.artemisia-lawyers.com

Author of the book *Outlawed seeds, biodiversity confiscated*,
at Éditions Alternatives-Gallimard, October 2015

Even though many of us might not be aware of it, this reality manifests itself quite visibly on the shelves of our supermarkets. Indeed, from South of Spain to Ireland, as well as in Poland or the west part of France, we all eat the same round tomatoes, red and tasteless, the same carrots and leaks, the same corn, the same potatoes. It happens to be true in Europe as well as in the rest of the world. Often, one unique representative of the species has replaced the numerous varieties and even some species have disappeared from the shelves of our supermarket. So everywhere on the planet where the market economy has replaced the subsistence agriculture, fresh food displays are sadly familiar.

The reasons of this phenomenon are multiple. The development of intensive farming obviously played a major part in this as a result, as said before, of the principles of the industrial revolution. It manifested through the division of agricultural tasks between many players, the re-parcelling of agricultural lands which enabled the expansion of monoculture on larger cultivated areas, the mechanization of agricultural practices, the greater use of chemical inputs and the standardization of agricultural productions on-demand and more particularly at the request of large retailers. All this came along with the promotion of a few varieties with “a higher crop yield”, developed for this new industrial model and the sidelining of the population varieties, very diverse, locally used by farmers.

« Genetic progress » promoted by public research institutes as well as private selectors, has been used to justify the eradication of biological diversity. It states the premise of the superiority of a life standardized and molded by men according to their needs.

Seed production nowadays consists then in the making of millions of exact copies of one extremely selected individual, considered as the “elite”.

Whether this « genetic progress » was profitable or on the opposite was a pitfall, it’s legitimate anyway to ask: Does progress have to be made mandatory?

To this ideological means was added the craze of the chemical industry for the seed sector because of the possible complementarity of these two activities by combining the seed with an essen-

tial input for its optimal development; because of its position on top of the food chain, enabling to control the entire agricultural production; but also the legal and biological perspectives of trapping the users of this new product in a captive market by making them constantly dependent on their suppliers. Thanks to all these reasons, seed production has become in every sense a highly profitable sector, very attractive for capitalist investment and consequently very much concentrated.

That’s how the multinational companies of the agrochemical industry acquired in thirty years more than a thousand of seed companies and how the ten first seed companies alone control today about 70% of the world market. The merger of the giants Syngenta and Chemchina or Monsanto and Bayer are the most recent illustrations of this trend. The diversity of the seed supply has then of course been considerably reduced.

The genetic uniformity that resulted out of it, combined with the one researched by selection methods, increased, as a consequence, the vulnerability of crops to pathogenic agents of all kinds and caused, in the worst cases, some real epidemics (mildew of potatoes in Ireland at the end of the 19th century, corn blight in the USA in the seventies, mildew of tobacco in Cuba in 1980, black leg on colza in 1965, corn borer, phylloxera invasion in vineyards, grapevine fanleaf virus, etc.) and then it was necessary to control them with the support of a wide and constantly renewed range of pesticides.

Because of these pesticides, the pathogens have developed a resistance to treatment so nowadays agriculture has to deal with more than 300 new plant diseases. And the same reasons are now pushing the supporters of industrial agriculture to recommend the same solutions, this time in the form of genetically modified organisms (GMO) or other genetically “edited” organisms. There is no doubt that modern agriculture as tightly dependent as it is on the seeds it uses, cannot do without chemicals. To reduce their usage or even to definitely go without them, will necessarily imply an important renewal of the range of commercialized seeds. Also the selection of variety adapted to organic farming, which is a pretty much left behind field of research, particularly in France, will have

to take off in order to pull agriculture out of the devastating rut it got stuck into. Let’s hope it will be done in an agricultural logic that should be less reductionist and more aware of the specific merits of biodiversity.

In this economical, technical and social specific context, the role played by the legislation in the last fifty years was particularly pernicious. Overtaken by economic initiatives, the legislation soon became an enhancer of the described transformations. The legislators confirmed the technological choices, endorsed the intellectual reductionism and worsen the consequences of the mistakes that had been made. Indeed since the sixties, the French administration -which became institutionally very close to the seed industry thanks to the creation of the GNIS (inter-branch organization for seeds and plants in support of the land) by the Vichy government, has forbidden any placing on the market of any varieties that would not have first received an administrative authorization and a registration on the “Official Catalogue”.

The conditions required to be registered in the “Catalogue” soon became an issue. Those conditions have been actually adapted and limited to the needs of an intensive agriculture with standard productions with the implementation of criteria of “Distinction, Homogeneity and Stability” (French acronym is DHS).

The requirement for genetic “Homogeneity” especially validated the transformation of plants cultivated as clones, the replacement of “old varieties” by copies of the unique model mentioned earlier and considered as superior. “Genetic progress” also became mandatory by way of evaluations described as “of technological and agronomic value” (French acronym is VAT) and essential for the species of larger cultivations (cereals, oilseed and protein crops). These heavy regulatory rules, which were never justified by any sanitary or environmental risks, were introduced after the Second World War by an interventionist and authoritarian administration. They were convinced that turning agriculture into an industry would increase agricultural yield. So regulations initially served a purpose of “general interest”, defined as a priority in a context where the erosion of plant genetic resources was not yet perceived

as a problem.

However the reinstatement of corporatism and its imposition by the Vichy government on all the players of the seed sector, soon diverted the objectives of the legislation to the defense of purely commercial interests, more and more apart from the greater good.

These criteria of registration to the “Official Catalogue” rapidly coincided with the criteria given by the new international regulations for the attribution of an intellectual property right on “plant breeders’ rights”.

In doing so, the “Official catalogue” became the exclusive backyard of selected modern varieties in a pernicious logic of private appropriation of commercialized seeds and exclusion of the varieties from the public domain -that belong to all. So international property right was given a regulatory role of the economic activities from this sector against all legal orthodoxy.

As for the “plant breeders’ rights” (DOV in French, PBR in English) itself, initially created to address the specificities of the plant world in a distinct logic from the one of the industrial patents, its legal regime has kept on getting closer to the one of its close cousin which is way more exclusive.

The exception established in favor of the selectors to allow them to elaborate freely some new varieties based on the varietal creations of their competitors, was substantially reduced over the course of time and the successive versions of the agreement from the International Union for the Protection of New Varieties of Plants (French acronym is UPOV). And the exception intended for the benefits of farmers to grant them the right, from an ancient practice, to plant the harvested seed, finally ended up completely disappearing to be replaced by an obligation to pay the selectors a “fair compensation” as soon as the farmers use a second generation of protected seed.

The French law of the 8th of December 2011 which was very much criticized is a simple illustration of this matter on a national level as these rules already applied on the international and European scenes.

At the same time, the transgenesis and its biotechnological appli-

cations allowed the introduction of the system of patents in the world of varietal creation. Then progressively and despite the ban on the “plant varieties”, the biggest players of the seed industry applied for patents for some plant material coming from conventional selection. Those patents were granted at an increasing pace by the European patent office.

We should however be satisfied with these cathartic excesses as they contribute to bring out hopeful and fertile alternatives. Everywhere consumers are asking to rediscover their forgotten culinary inheritance, farmers are getting closer to public agronomists to initiate programs of “participative selection”, bakers -farmers are coming back to local varieties (also called land races) and are starting again the selection that was abandoned fifty years ago, distributors are taking a stand side by side with the farmers to boycott the protected varieties. The myriad of initiatives going in that same direction is beyond description and is spreading like wildfire across all Europe. Political staff and legislators behind did not remain indifferent to these developments and the legitimate demands that came with along and that’s how the new European regulations on organic farming should very soon open the gates to this confiscated biodiversity with the creation of two new categories of varieties available organically: the “organic heterogeneous material” essentially corresponding to thousands of traditional varieties currently banned that will be marketable from the 1st of January 2021 thanks to a simple preliminary declaration procedure, and the “organic varieties adapted to organic production” which are currently small in number but will soon leave the programs of varietal selection that are adapted to the needs and constraints of organic farming, programs that will most certainly increase based on these new dispositions.

Regarding France, the Biodiversity law, voted in August 2016, opened possibilities for associations to exchange and sell seeds from varieties that are not registered to the Official Catalogue as long as they belong to public domain and are addressed to non-professional users (amateur gardeners, mostly).

If the Constitutional Council, seized by right-wing senators and congressmen, removed without any motive from this text whatever

concerned its market reach as well as it censored the exclusivity of this measure reserved to nonprofit associations, we must hope that the present legislator will be able to correct this “mistake” and to allow all the operators to trade all the traditional varieties that we inherited from our ancestors and that we should be able to have free access to.

From this decision from the Elder Council we must however learn one lesson: we should not grant an exclusive access nor a market advantage to a specific category of operators because the preservation and spreading of biodiversity is everyone’s business and interest. In this regard no one is set in a particular position compared to the others. Not even the farmers whose spirit lies inside all of us and whose deep motivations are resurfacing when, at the simple occasion of the programmed union of the Land and the seed, human consciousness meets the wonderful universe of plants.

Y O K A Ï I C B E T S C S
S U R R É A L I S T E C O
R É É C O L O G I E S C U
B I O D I V E R S I T É T
R É D É R C H A M A N E E
R É D R É F U G I É S C N
A C A P I T A L I S M E I
R C O M M U N A U T É M R
A R C H É T Y P E S L M X
M P R O T E C T R F L U X
O A É L É M E N T S A S A
U S E X U A L I T É S I A
R A A A S A A A A A F Q A
A A A A O A A A A A É U A
G P A H U M A N I S M E A
R S A A T A A A A A I S S
I Y A A E A R A A A N A O
C C H D N A E A B I I O R
U H A É I A V A E A S A C
L A E F R L O E A O M P I
T N N E A A L A U A E L È
U A A N A A U A T A A A R
R L F D A A T V E G A N E
E I U R A A I A S A E E S
R S F E A A O A A A A T A
A E E A A A N E A U T E S

A A S A N D R I N E A A A
A A A A A A E L B E R G A
É M I L I E N J O U V E T
A A A M I N A A M O N D A
P A O L A A H I V E L I N
A A A A S U U H I E N K Ë
V S O P H I E B N O Ë L A
L O R E N Z Ö A A A A O K
V I V I E N I B E R T I N
A Y M E R I C U N N Y B U
B E R G A D A F D U A A A
V V V F E N L A C A D E T

MOTHER EARTH

S O N A A A A B R R T Y O
O F A A A P I T C H A A A
B L A N C H E A C I O U A
M A G A R I N O S - R E Y
A A P A L O R E N Z Ö L I
M É L A N I E E T Ö R Ö K
J U L I E A A T L A S B U
M C A C H A T O N A M U Z
A S S U N N Y E B U I C K
M I I K K A R L O M M I A
F R É D É R I C A A A A A
A A A A A A A B E T S C H



VIVIEN BERTIN

Iceland

"Ces photographies s'inscrivent dans une série nommée Icel. These photos are a part of a series called Iceland, realized in August 2015 during a trip for a documentary in Iceland." In order to have as much independence as possible, the freedom to contemplate but also to limit my footprint on the territory, I decided to travel on a bike and to camp. On a bike, time to look is not limited to distances. The horizon unfolds towards a momentum of infinity. There's no cheating nor pageantry. The majestic crushing of the landscape speaks for itself. In the jungle of the self, Nature raises awareness. Its voice reveals itself in everyone as a response to life. Facing this ecological awakening, I feel a deep desire to lose myself in the hands of Nature; powerful and sublime, yet fragile and evanescent. This series is a hymn to Mother Nature, a spiritual encounter with a strong humility."



Sólarsteinn, sun stones







MÉLANIE TÖRÖK

Trip to the northern lands













Silfrugjá fault



Y O K A I I C B E T S C S
S U R R É A L I S T E C O
R É É C O L O G I E S C U
B I O D I V E R S I T É T
R É D É R C H A M A N E E
R É D R É F U G I É S C N
A C A P I T A L I S M E I
R C O M M U N A U T É M R
A R C H É T Y P E S L M X
M P R O T É G E R F L U X
O A É L É M E N T S A S A
U S E X U A L I T Y S I A
R A A A S A A A A A F Q A
A A A A O A A A A A E U A
G P A H U M A N I S M E A
R S A A T A A A A A I S S
I Y A A E A R A A A N A O
C C H D N A E A B I I O R
U H A E I A V A E A S A C
L A E F R L O E A O M P I
T N N E A A L A U A E L È
U A A N A A U A T A A A R
R L F D A A T V É G A N E
E I U R A A I A S A E È S
R S F E A A O A A A A T A
A E E A A A N E A U T E S

A A S A N D R I N E A A A
A A A A A A E L B E R G A
É M I L I E N J O U V E T
A A A M I N A A M O N D A
P A O L A A H I V E L I N
A A A A S U U H I E N K È
V S O P H I E B N O È L A
L O R E N Z Ö A A A A O K
V I V I E N I B E R T I N
A Y M E R I C U N N Y B U
B E R G A D A F D U A A A
V V V F E N L A C A D E T

ALCOVES

S O N A A A A B R R T Y O
O F A A A P I T C H A A A
B L A N C H E A C I O U A
M A G A R I N O S - R E Y
A A P A L O R E N Z Ö L I
M É L A N I E E T Ö R Ö K
J U L I E A A T L A S B U
M C A C H A T O N A M U Z
A S S U N N Y E B U I C K
M I I K K A R L O M M I A
F R É D É R I C A A A A A
A A A A A A A B E T S C H

JULIE ATLAS MUZ

Vénus

"Through the power of dance I tell stories that are beautiful, political, and emotional, with a bold and theatrical irreverence. I use humor, positive sexuality, and glamour to address serious topics in a playful manner. My performances range from short solos to full-length, large-scale extravaganzas, but the three things I strive for in every show are: developed content, an evident love of the audience and a strong physical and visual presence. I employ showmanship, original costumes, and every conceivable type of stagecraft to immerse the spectators in a thought-provoking, interactive and entertaining experience. I consider myself a renegade performer whose work reaches across genres, venues, demographics and tax brackets to champion the notion that performance in any context can challenge beliefs and change behavior."





Meeting

ÉMILIE JOUVET

My Body, My Rules, Emilie Jouvét's latest movie, released in 2017, is a series of portraits of women of different ages, weights, hair growth, physical abilities and sexual orientations. Women's bodies are the focus of Emilie's cinematographic work. She is inspired by what touches her and her creation evolves with her. "When I was younger, it was sexuality, homosexuality, then later MAP, ageing, racism, handicap. My movies are influenced by the people I meet."

"You come across the women from My Body My Rules everyday but as soon as you show them naked, the audience is questioned, chocked, even disgusted. In the mainstream movie industry, these women simply don't exist, women all look the same, except maybe with a few hair variations." It's difficult then to relate, to accept yourself and even more to love yourself. The system compels us to hate ourselves, to be good consumers and not to worry about anything else but how to afford the new slimming treatment or the new rejuvenating injections. Capitalism crawls under our skin, penetrates us, colonizes us. It makes us believe that we will never be complete without it.

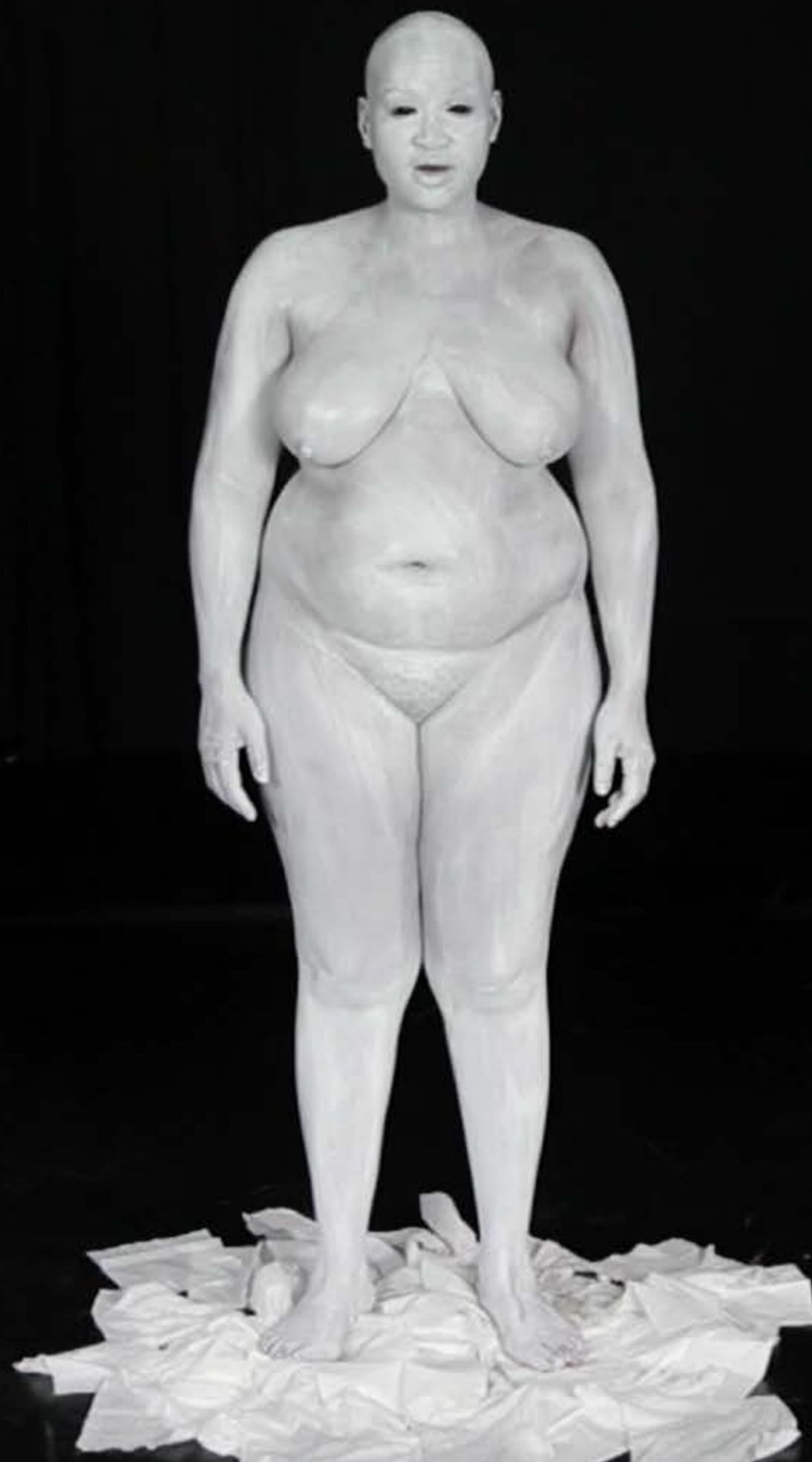
"We systematically feel guilty, it's very much anchored even when you undertook a deconstruction work and uncovered the workings of the consumer society."

Emilie wants to empower women. She wants to give them the power to love their bodies unconditionally, to enjoy their sexualities, to be able to feel perfect just as they are. She blows away cases, norms, she knocks diktats out.

"My cinema is queer not only because it celebrates bodies which

are categorized as nonstandard, ignored or censored but also from the fact that it does not fit into the traditional cinematographic formats imposed by marketing. As for myself, content determines form, it generates it. For My Body My Rules, I asked performers what they would like to talk about. The majority of them had never met one another and all mentioned body fluids: menstrual blood, saliva, vaginal lubrication. As if in reaction to this sanitized image served by mainstream culture, they were sick and tired of retaining their fluids but also their posture, their words and they felt the need to explode, to overflow and to expose their organic nature." They regain control of the representation of their bodies, handicapped, black, while giving birth, while restrained, during orgasm and they invite the audience to explore and accept.

Through them, we experience a kaleidoscope of sensations and emotions that reminds us that the body is above all, an extraordinary interface with the world, with the others and is not limited to physical appearance. It's about time to restore friendly spaces of exchange and to regain power on our bodies, our lives. "Social networks facilitate this awareness and allow us to regroup, to be heard loud and clear. Just take a look at the aftermath of the MeToo movement. It triggered a global awareness about the unacceptable nature of abuse perpetrated on women and the necessity to join forces to rethink a more equal society. And even if, for once, women are on the front stage, many men joined the Women's Marches that happened worldwide as the patriarchal society is an oppressive system for both sexes.













AYMERIC BERGADA DU CADET

Icon

Artistic director and director for the collective House of Drama, Yazbukey and Christian Louboutin, Aymeric Bergada Du Cadet composes his artistic happenings like paintings with surrealist hints, mixing fashion from the 19th Century and from the thirties and the seventies with an exquisite taste and an extreme refinement. As he is also a performer, he plays with gender codes and reinvents his image endlessly. Aymeric is a living icon, an ode to beauty and to freedom to be oneself.



« IF YOU DON'T LOVE YOURSELF,
HOW IN THE HELL ARE YOU GONNA LOVE
SOMEBODY ELSE ? »

RuPaul

Y O K A Ï I C B E T S C S
S U R R E A L I S T E C O
R É É C O L O G I E S C U
B I O D I V E R S I T É T
R É D É R C H A M A N E E
R É D R É F U G I É S C N
A C A P I T A L I S M E I
R C O M M U N I T Y É M R
L R C H É T Y P E S L M X
O P R O T É G E R F L U X
V A É L É M E N T S A S A
E S E X U A L I T É S I A
R A A A S A A A A A F C A
A A A A O A A A A A É U A
G P A H U M A N I S M E A
R S A A T A A A A A I S S
I Y A A E A R A A A N A O
C C H D N A E A B I I O R
U H A E I A V A E A S A C
L A E F R L O E A O M P I
T N N E A A L A U A E L È
U A A N A A U A T A A A R
R L F D A A T V É G A N E
E I U R A A I A S A E È S
R S F E A A O A A A A T A
A E E A A A N E A U T E S

A A S A N D R I N E A A A
A A A A A A E L B E R G A
É M I L I E N J O U V E T
A A A M I N A A M O N D A
P A O L A A H I V E L I N
A A A A S U U H I E N K Ë
V S O P H I E B N O Ë L A
L O R E N Z Ö A A A A O K
V I V I E N I B E R T I N
A Y M E R I C U N N Y B U
B E R G A D A F D U A A A
V V V F E N L A C A D E T

COLLABORATIONS

S O N A A A A B R R T Y O
O F A A A P I T C H A A A
B L A N C H E A C I O U A
M A G A R I N O S - R E Y
A A P A L O R E N Z Ö L I
M É L A N I E E T Ö R Ö K
J U L I E A A T L A S B U
M C A C H A T O N A M U Z
A S S U N N Y E B U I C K
M I I K K A R L O M M I A
F R É D É R I C A A A A A
A A A A A A A B E T S C H



Sophie Noël, Astarté, Paola Hivelin
Make up : Dyna Dagger

MIIKKA LOMMI

featuring Gang Of Witches

Miikka Lommi is a Helsinki-based director. His style is fresh and timeless, sensitive and rough, artistic and commercial, narrative and mood based. Miikka has directed hundreds of commercials. He has been nominated/awarded at Cannes Lions/ New York, MTV Europe video awards and his video art installations have been displayed in museums and art galleries. He signs the video clip of the musical manifesto by Gang Of Witches. The images presented in this book are low definition still frames of this video clip.

"I don't do HD, I like to lo-fi myself." Miikka Lommi



QR code to the video clip





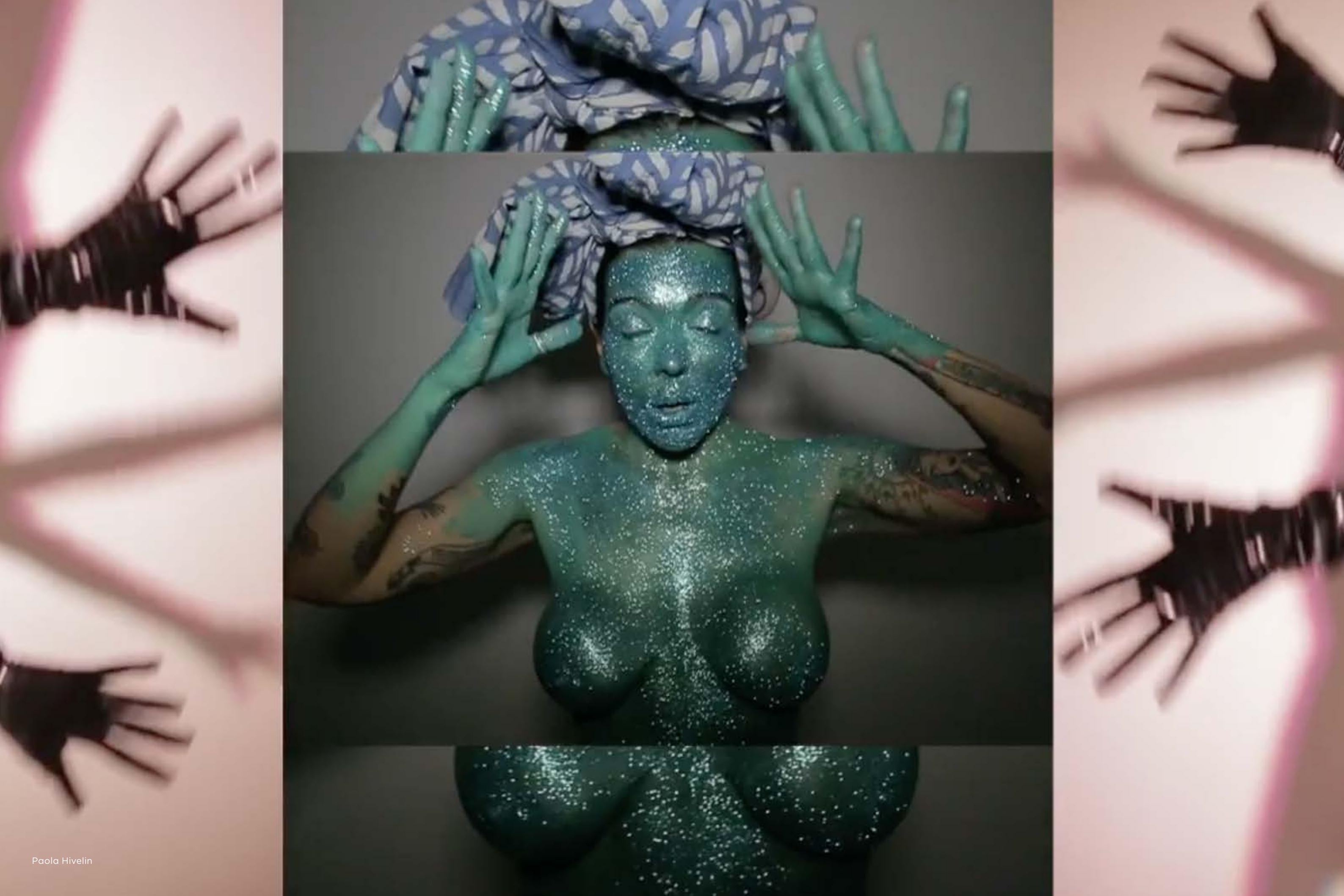
Sunny Buick











WE ARE GANG OF WITCHES

Il était une fois, dans une cité pas loin de chez toi,
Un tout petit chat prisonnier sous le toit
De barbares qui pensaient le manger en tourte ou en pâté pour les fêtes de fin d’année,
Mais c’était sans compter la rage du jeune greffier…

Après s’être échappé, à coup de griffes et de canines affûtées,
L’animal, épuisé, arriva à l’orée d’un bois.
Là, il rencontra une sorcière qui lui demanda :
« Dis moi, merveilleux petit chat, veux-tu que j’exauce un vœu de ton choix ? »

Le félin vaillamment acquiesça, sa patte sans crainte il lui donna,
La sorcière claqua des doigts, une formule étrange elle prononça,
Une poignée d’herbes folles elle brûla, aussitôt la magie opéra
Abracadabra et le chat en sorcière à son tour se changea,

MC Chaton c’est moi

We are Gang Of Witches

I’m calling upon my witches everywhere, my witches everywhere
I’m calling upon my sisters everywhere, my brothers everywhere
The time has come to gather, we are stronger together
The time has come to gather, we are stronger together

Hi there, I’m the fierce little cat of the story you were just told
Without bragging, proudly I represent my witches
We have soul, we believe in love
We play hard, we work harder

Inside the she-wolf pack
We’re not afraid to jump on the ring
You’d better not be around when we switch
Inside the she-wolf pack
In the clan, no faint hearted, no fake witch, no cheat, no bitch
Inside the she-wolf pack
Protecting, supporting each other’s move, complementary, solidary’s the groove
Inside the she-wolf pack,
We share energies and inspiration, to step up with our sacred mission

We are Gang Of Witches

They say I’m a witch, that I can cast spells, that I can chitchat with the dead
I once went underground, but it seems I was bound to come back for another round
To start a gang with my girls, to awaken our sight with a gong
To learn the ancient knowledge, to unite our powers we pledge

At night, It’s time for the trance, naked, under the moon we dance
In the woods, far from toxicity, we’re one with nature almighty
Gratefully taking her energy, our vow : to protect Mother Earth
Everybody everywhere hear me
Revolution is an emergency

When we get back to creation, we go deep, we unleash magic
Glitter and gold, music, words, colors, light, sounds and heart
Are our tools to share our vision,
Reveal our truth, ask questions
It’s more than a gang we are legion
We challenge reality and perception

We are Gang Of Witches



GANG OF WITCHES

We are Gang Of Witches

Editor in chief
Artistic director

Paola Hivelin

Copy editor
Music director

Sophie Noël

Assistant artistic director

Gaële Lagacherie

Bookdesign & graphism

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Link to the music : <https://soundcloud.com/gangofwitches>

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MC Chaton (Sophie Noël) Composition, lyrics, vocals

Paola Hivelin Lyrics, vocals

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Mélanie Török Bass

Sunny Buick Ukulele

Eddy Rateni Recording, mixing

Orel Thunder Mastering

Miikka Lommi Vinyl visuals

